lack of this is no defect in a work on natural history. Naturalists prefer the real color of objects to those accidental tints which are the result of the varied reflections of light necessary to complete picturesque representations, but foreign and even injurious to scientific truth." Audubon was himself alive to all this. He made, with all his modesty, a trenchant art critic when the question of fidelity to nature came up. He went to see the pictures of Hondecoeter in the Louvre, and envied the painter his skill, but he protested against the artificiality of the fowls, a fault upon which modern critics are unanimous; and his appreciation of Landseer's merits did not blind him to that frequent inaccuracy in matters of fact which to this day vitiates the art of the celebrated Englishman.

Reference to Landseer reminds us that we have refrained too long from allusion to Audubon's European journals. They cover experiences almost uniformly delightful. It is true that the Earl of Kinnoul, "a small man, with a face like the caricature of an owl," sent for Audubon blandly to tell him that "all his birds were alike, and he considered his work a swindle," but this was an isolated episode. Except that neither the English, the Scotch nor the French subscribed to the naturalist's great work as freely as he desired, there was nothing left undone by the distinguished people of London, Edinburgh and Paris to make the visitor feel that his genius was accepted at its true value. "My situation in Edinburgh," he declares, "borders almost on the miraculous. With scarce one of those qualities necessary to render a man able to pass through the throng of the learned people here, I am positively looked on by all the professors and many of the principal persons here as a very extraordinary man." This public admiration did not preven one or two of his new friends, it may be added, from reflecting anxiously on some of his habits. Basil Hall protested against his long hair, and before he went to London Audubon had it cut off, writing his name on one page of his journal as though it were an epitaph. He hated to sacrifice his locks, but he wanted to please Hall, and perhaps he felt in his heart that his friend was right. He changed his garments, too, at Hall's solicitation, and presumably cut a finer appearance in London than in Edinburgh. The latter place he loved best. It is delightful to witness his enthusiasm for Scott and his joy in meeting the novelist. It is delightful also to see how his interest in meeting Jeffrey did not prevent his resenting the rather cavalier treatment he first received at the hands of the noted critic. "For if he was Jeffrey, I was Audubon, and felt quite independent of all the tribe of Jeffreys in England, Scotland and Ireland, put together." In that little harmless outburst you read the man whose French pride had been merged into something stronger, if less facile. It is the American woodsman who speaks, the explorer of Southern savannas and Western prairies, the friend of Daniel Boone, the man who had been transformed from a foppish idler into one of the hardest workers in literature. It is a testimony to the excellence of Miss Audubon's work that this impression is derived swiftly and spontaneously from her pages. The latter are alive with the personality of Audubon. The biographer needs no apology for having set out to invalidate the familiar work of Buchanan. That was notoriously imperfect, and these two volumes have the importance of an almost entirely new work. They are fragmentary, as we have said, and the fact that they are made chiefly of Audubon's own words in disconnected journals gives the work more the value of a bundle of documents than a formal and conclusive narrative. On the other hand, Miss Audubon has done her work well and the volumes are read with unflagging interest. Relinquishing the handsome books, with their attractive illustrations, the reader feels that at last he has been brought face to face with Audubon, and will remember his traits with ease.

"The Rev. Annabel Lee" is the title of the novel upon which Mr. Robert Buchanan is at work. The book is said to prefigure the possible religious movements of the next century.

ENGLISH SPORT.

ITS STYLE IN THE ELIZABETHAN, GEORGIAN AND VICTORIAN AGES.

THE DIARY OF MASTER WILLIAM SILENCE. A Study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan Sport. By the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. Octavo, pp. x, 386. Longmans, Green & Co.

THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS AND STAG-HUNTING RECOLLECTIONS. By Lord Ribblesdale, Master of the Buckhounds from 1892 to 1896. With an Introduction on the Hereditary Mastership by Edward Burrows, compiled from the Brocas Papers in his Possession. With Numerous Illustrations. Octavo, pp. xvi, 315. Longmans, Green & Co.

Would the reader of "The Tempest" suppose that Antonio's exclamation to the boatswain, "Hang, cur! hang!" had any reference to the hunting of the stag in England? The answer is as obvious as the connection between a famous sport and an obscure passage in Shakespeare is mysterious. But let us plunge at once into Dr. Madden's book. The citation just made from "The Tempest" offers him an opportunity for the display of just that kind of curious learning which makes "The Diary of Master William Silence" a complete boon. According to an old authority on the noble art of hunting with hounds, there are certain distinctions to be made in connection with the latter. "If they be to busie before they finde the Sent good, we say they Bawle; if they be to busie after they finde good Sent, we say they Bable." The bawler who cries upon no scent, says Dr. Madden, is a degree worse than the babbler. If he be a hound he is straightway hanged. Hence the rage of Antonio against the boatswain, "needlessly busy, as he thinks, with his nautical outcry. We know why he was to hang, for Sebastian had just denounced him as a 'bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog.' If the bawler be a man, no one heeds him, and he is lost to use, and name, and fame, as if he were hanged. Master Ford, of Windsor, was a bawler, giving tongue and busy before he found the scent to be good. 'I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox.' Thus he cried out, thinking that Jack Falstaff had been run to ground in his chamber. 'I cannot find him,' was the confession of the convicted bawler; but he was ready next moment, with the fatuity of his kind, to spend his mouth and promise: 'Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.'"

Dr. Madden is inexhaustible in erudition of this sort. In "The Diary of Master William Silence" he sets forth what purports to be the comments and descriptive notes of an adherent of Justice Shallow. Bringing other Shakespearian personages upon the scene, fetching in even Petruchio and his Kate, he contrives to make Shakespeare an authority on sport without turning him into a sportsman. It is a bold attempt, but it succeeds. Dr. Madden weakens when it comes to preserving the appearance of a direct narrative, dropped from the lips of one individual. He soon drifts into a sort of composite, his own ideas expanding and enriching those of Master Silence. But there is enough dialogue in the book to keep the sense of contemporaneous discussion alive, and if this book is a mine of information for the Shakespearian student it is also lively reading for the lover of outdoor life. Shakespeare is consummate here, as in everything else. Dr. Madden turns to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and says: "If ny words could convey to the imagination an adequate idea of the effect produced upon the senses, they are surely those put into the mouth of Hippolyta." She tells us that she

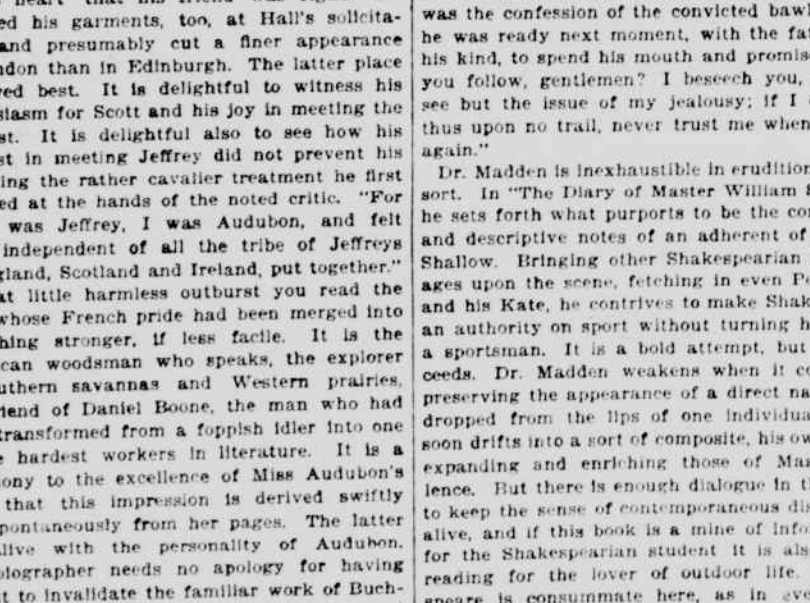
> Was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
> When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
> With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Countless other passages might be cited merely to show Shakespeare's enthusiasm for the hounds, but Dr. Madden is content to weave them into his text for another purpose, striving to reproduce a picture of the hunt as it was carried on in the time of the dramatist. It would appear to have been a decorative matter, as, indeed, it always was in England until the Georgian era. Lord Ribblesdale is the best authority on the eighteenth and nineteenth century hunts, and his book, from its intimate concern with people and things nearer our own day, will perhaps be more enjoyed than Dr. Madden's; but in his field, as we have suggested, the latter is supreme. His labors, too, have not been spent solely upon a pictorial scheme nor upon the elucidation of this or that minor passage in his poet. He has gone further, and in one matter, in the well-known identification of Justice Shallow with Sir Thomas Lucy, he makes a serious contribution to Shakespearian lore. He points out that Lucy, no matter what his faults may have been, was certainly a man of enough education, experience and position to render the Shallow of the second part of "Henry IV" ridiculous as a satire, that he is still invisible in the earlier form of the "Merry Wives," and that it is only in the folio—which completely supersedes the quarto version of the "Merry Wives"—that the resemblance of Shallow to Lucy is clearly to be seen. Why Shakespeare turned against Lucy at that late day Dr. Madden does not attempt to discuss. He merely points out the facts that concern Shallow, and it must be confessed that he puts them in a way to shed new light on that delightful creature.

According to the "Noble Art of Venerey," the technique of stag-hunting made these especial points: 'We herbor and unherbor a harte, we lodge and rowse a Bucke; we forme and start a Hare, we burrow and bolt a Conie, we kennell and unkennell a Fox." Dr. Madden follows Shallow and his companions through the achievement of most of these things, and, while his constant reliance upon Shakespeare lends his book a distinctly poetic flavor, it cannot be said that he departs from reality in the slightest measure. It is full of the exhilaration of the hunt, and gives us not only the pageantry but the humor of the old sport, its elements of danger and excitement, its echoes of jovial song, its banquetting and easy fellowship. Our only regret is that while Dr. Madden was about it he did not go into the history of the Knights of Brocas, those Gascon noblemen who came to England in the reign of Edward II and for three centuries were the Hereditary Masters of the Royal Buckhounds. The Master for a very long period was a decidedly important personage, and Dr. Madden could surely have gleaned much information concerning him of the same sort as that which he has embodied in "The Diary of Master William Silence." But that book is so good as it is, it is such a companionable, reliable treasury of quaint and curious lore, that it were captious to ask it to be larger or more comprehensive. The reader willingly turns to Lord Ribblesdale's volume and its long introduction on the Brocas masters by one of their descendants. Mr. Burrows and Lord Ribblesdale between them convey the impression hinted at above, that in the matter of English sport it is more edifying to "summon up remembrance of things past" than to dwell upon the present or the periods just preceding. In the eighteenth century the decadence began. More than one important critic then poured his wrath out upon the hunters. Pope, Walpole and Lord Chesterfield were not hunting men, and they took no pains to conceal their contempt for those who were. Sir Joshua rarely had a sitter in hunting costume. He painted only one Master of the Buckhounds. The Georges themselves were of doubtful service to the sport. The third of the name was of most use. He hunted with some enthusiasm, and used to be, when once he had made up his mind to use the hounds, a peculiarly punctual and energetic sportsman. His predecessors lacked the true fire, though the Buckhounds were kept up, as Lord Ribblesdale reminds us, and at considerable expense. One thing is certain, neither in the Georgian nor in the Victorian era has any expenditure upon the liveries of the servants or any amount of social effort given to the hunt that splendid character which belonged to it in earlier centuries. George IV might have revived those splendors if he had cared more for the hunt and less for his clothes, or rather as much for the former as for the latter. When Dom Miguel of Portugal was in England the King had a hunt arranged for him, and went so far toward participating in its pleasures himself as to order a dozen brand-new pairs of corduroy riding breeches for the occasion. But he did not wear them. He stayed at home. Of George II there is an even more grotesque anecdote. One day a stableman was riding an overfresh horse from the royal stables; it took fright at a swan that flew out at it from the canal in Bushy Park, and was impaled on some iron spikes. It had to be killed. Lady Suffolk said it was lucky the man had not been killed. "Yes, I am very lucky," snapped the King. "Pray, where is the luck? I have lost a good horse, and I have got a booby of a groom still to keep."

One side of that brutal anecdote is peculiarly expressive. Your Englishman dearly loves a horse, and even George II, with his alien blood, was to some extent a victim of the ruling passion. Lord Ribblesdale tells a story of Charles Kingsley which shows how the sporting instinct will declare itself at the most unexpected moments in the British nature. The author was at a private school at Winchester when a boy and to it came Kingsley one day, to take the class in Xenophon. In the first three or four sentences he came to a few words that set his sporting blood on fire. "He forgot all about the rest of the lesson, and went off into a ringing description of hunting cheetahs and Persian greyhounds, and bustard and florican and antelope." Lord Ribblesdale ekes out a slender narrative with anecdotes like this, but if the tale is not a very important one it is at all events deeply interesting to a lover of sport. The book gives a discursive but sufficient account of the Royal Buckhounds, sketches the principal individuals who have been connected with the institution, and places before the reader with refreshing pungency any number of events in the field, events concerning which we transcribe nothing, but which are attractive enough when seized with their context. Lord Ribblesdale is emphatic, of course, on the best methods of administering the royal kennels and of handling the field, but for the general reader there is perhaps most significance in such stories as he has to tell, for example, about Charles Davis, a famous huntsman of the Queen's Buckhounds. He was a handsome man and had a seat which was the envy of the horsemen who followed the hounds with him. His knowledge of all matters connected with horses and dogs was phenomenal. He controlled both with extraordinary art, and on this point Lord Ribblesdale has a striking story. Davis's control of the pack, he says, was due to the love which casts out fear and begets perfect understanding. "Speaking of the wonderful discipline of the royal pack, Sir Arthur Halkett writes me from Pitfirrane, N. B.: 'When I was quartered at Hounslow in 1857 with the 3d Light Dragoons I saw an instance of this which I would not have believed possible unless I had seen it. The hounds were running up a grass lane and got a view of the stag, when Davis galloped along the hedge side of the field, jumped into the lane in front of the hounds and drew his horse across the lane, holding his whip out at arm's length. Although they were in full cry at the time, not a single hound attempted to pass his horse, and when he considered the stag had got a decent start he lowered his whip and the pack dashed on again, on the line. It was the most beautiful example of hound discipline I ever saw.'"

It is interesting to speculate upon what the Elizabethans with whom Dr. Madden has been dealing would have thought of Charles Davis. What the American reader will think of him is hardly so problematical, for stag-hunting is not a diversion about which the native of this country may be expected to know very much. No doubt some of Lord Ribblesdale's stories will pall on this side of the Atlantic. Yet it would seem as if no reader with a love of the open air in his veins could resist the charm of both these volumes. Dr. Madden is scholarly, Lord Ribblesdale has used his library to good effect, but has plainly drawn his inspiration from the field more than from any other source. Both writers testify to the undying instinct of the Briton for a good seat, a clever pack, a plucky stag and a breezy morning. Both have made books which are substantial additions to sporting literature. We regret that Dr. Madden has no illustrations. He could have found some excellent prints for his purpose.



LADY LAKE.
She started life as a cook and became the finest horsewoman in England.
(From Stubbs's picture at Cumberland Lodge.)

UNKENNELLING THE ROYAL HOUNDS.
(From Chalon's painting at Cumberland Lodge.)